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Bristol is making studies at Great Barrington, Mass.

Blondell has returned to his studio, after spending a short time in the country.

The Smillers have been sketching at Hyde Park, on the Hudson, and are now in Pennsylvania.

Shangnessy has given up teaching at College Hill, Poughkeepsie, and is now painting in town.

Kensett, whom we reported as having been at Milford, Pa., in our last, has been up the Hudson making studies, and is now in town finishing a Swiss scene. He intends going to Lake George in a short time, and will probably visit the White Mountains before he returns.

William P. Brannan, an artist and poet of some note, we learn from the daily papers, died in Cincinnati on the 10th inst.

As many of our artists are now studying in Europe, we have taken the trouble to find out who and where they are. A large number of them are in Paris. We give their names: Babcock, May, F. Howland, Thom, Inman, F. B. Mayer, Robbins, and Haseltine, of this city. Wilmarth (said to be a pupil of Gerome), and Bridgman, of Brooklyn, Diehl, of Ohio, Bacon and Wright of Boston. Miss Gove, a talented lady artist of New York, also resides in Paris, and has made some very clever crayon portraits.

Boughton is living in London, and continues to paint his charming pictures.

Ogilvie, one of the most promising young artists of New York, is now sketching in Switzerland. He intends to spend the winter in Paris, and will remain abroad for about two years.

Geo. Owen, another young artist from New York, is studying in Germany.

Hall, the fruit painter, was at Dusseldorf when last heard from.

Vedder and Colman, C., of this city, and Hunt of Boston, had hired a cottage at Dinan, Brittany, and intend to spend the summer there.

The Belgian Legislature voted the sum of 85,000 francs to defray expenses connected with the pictures painted and bequeathed to his country by M. Antoine Wiertz. The Belgian Government had erected a studio for the painter on conditions that he should have the sole use of the building during his lifetime, and for which he made over to the Government six of his principal works, and engaged to cover the walls of the studio with frescoes. M. Wiertz died on the 18th of June last, and the Government became possessed of the site, building and paintings.

The receipts at the doors of the Royal Academy's Exhibition for the present year have not been so great as was the case last season. The *Athenaeum* says, "The influence of universally expressed opinion on the inferior selection of the works for display has apparently made itself felt in the pockets of the Academy." The sale pictures at the Academy has been greater than on former occasions.

Sir Edwin Landseer's lions for the Nelson monument have been cast in bronze, and are now in Baron Marochetti's studio at Brompton, whence they will soon be removed to their destined positions in Trafalgar Square.

The monument to the Duke of Wellington, by Baron Marochetti, has been placed near Strathfieldsage.

William James Grant, a popular English painter, died in June, aged thirty-seven.

John Gilbert, a distinguished portrait painter, of Glasgow, Scotland, died there in the early part of June.

Bellangé, who died in the early part of May, has left a son, Eugene Bellangé, who bids fair to keep up the artistic reputation of the name.

The latest additions to the National Gallery are a Madonna and Infant Saviour, with a Doge of Venice in adoration, by Carpaccio, born 1450. A Madonna, by Girolamo dai Libri, born 1472, died 1522. A Madonna and Infant Saviour, by Giovanni Santi, died 1494; and a picture containing portraits of the Giusti family, by Nicolo Giolfino, 1486—1518. The first of these was purchased for £3,400.

Madame Bodichon and Mrs. Lee Bridell have on exhibition in the German Gallery, London, a number of Algerian sketches, those of the former lady are landscapes in water color, and those of the latter figures in oil.

#### ROSA BONHEUR AT HOME.

[M. ADRIEN MARX of *L'Evenement* is the least bashful of *chroniqueurs*. There is no place safe from his assaults when he is in want of "copy." The Paris correspondent of the London *Athenaeum* give the following amusing account of M. Adrien's interview with Rosa Bonheur.]

Poor Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur had left the neighborhood of the Luxembourg, and gone to the Chateau de By, near Fontainbleau, in the fond, vain hope of escaping from the prying and importunities of travelers and indigenous intruders. She calculated without Peeping Adrien. Her porter may say to people who ring at her gates that Mademoiselle has gone out, and it is uncertain when she will return. This answer may turn away modest people; but Adrien only laughs at it. He has his column in his paper before him, and he has not traveled all the way from Paris to Fontainbleau for nothing. He was convinced by the firm denials of the old woman at Mdlle. Bonheur's gates that the lady was at home. He accordingly brought his "reserve battery"—a letter of introduction—into the field, and said,—

"I am distressed that Mdlle. Bonheur is not at By. I have been sent to her on urgent business by one of her friends, who has given me this letter for her; give it to her, with my regards."

The gates were closed. Peeping Adrien was left at By, "Where cutlets with anchovy sauce are myths, and where civilization penetrates once daily in the shape of *Le Petit Journal*." Adrien indulged in the following reflections: "I will take a little walk. During this time Mdlle. Bonheur will read my letter, and, finding it signed by an old friend, will scold her servant for having turned me away. On my return to the Chateau, I shall be told that Mdlle. Bonheur has just come in, and awaits me with impatience."

But Peeping Adrien was wrong. He was refused admission on his second application. The old servant remarked,—

"Mademoiselle has not returned. Sometimes she goes off for a fortnight, without saying a word to me. You know how eccentric artists are."

Now a very young and simple *chroniqueur*, Peeping Adrien tells us, would have given up the pursuit at this point. But Adrien was an old hand. He argued, if Mademoiselle has received the note, she has broken it open. He asked for its return. This was impossible. So Mademoiselle cried out, "You must let in the intruder, who will disturb my solitude."

In walked the triumphant Adrien, and he was at once taking notes. He saw before him a little, frowning fellow, shielded from the sun by an enormous straw hat. Stooping, he observed a beardless, bronzed face, lit up by "two brown eyes of ordinary size." The nose was fine, the mouth large, showing "in its hiatus" two superb rows of teeth. Long hair hung wildly

upon the shoulders. The masculine figure said petulantly,—

"Who are you? whence do you come, and what do you want?" The petulant one lifted his blouse and thrust his hands into the pockets of his gray velvet breeches.

The hands were little, and so were the feet, albeit covered with rough, hob-nailed boots, made of unvarnished calfskin.

M. Adrien Marx observed that he was a journalist from Paris, who wished to see Mdlle. Bonheur.

"Look at her, then," said the strange figure, lifting the enormous straw hat.

M. Adrien at once observed that Mdlle. Bonheur's hair was white, and that her coarse linen shirt was held together at the throat by two diamond studs. The lady now melted, and said,

"My dear Sir, excuse me. You must understand the measures I am compelled to take to keep off the profane. I know English people who have traveled five hundred leagues to see me, and who, after having stared at me at their leisure, have gone off without saying so much as 'Thank you.' If talent makes an artist a rare animal, it is not worth while trying to be one. You must understand, moreover, the loss of time. If you were writing an important romance, would you be pleased if an intruder came upon you in the heat of your subject, and loaded you with old compliments?"

Here M. Adrien felt bound to make a feint of retiring; but Mademoiselle would not hear of it, because he was of "*la grande famille*." Besides, to-day," the lady added, "you will not disturb me, for I am sheep-shearing!"

Invited to witness this unsavory part of farm labor, Peeping Adrien was told that if he did not like it the worse for him.

"I have got one half sheared," said Mademoiselle, "and if I leave him so, he will freeze on one side and broil on the other, and that will hurt him."

Under the *chroniqueur's* eyes, Mademoiselle sheared seven of her flock!

He then accompanied the lady to see her dogs, and goats, and horses,—speaking freely of their breeding qualities by the way.

"Do you shoot?" asked Peeping Adrien.

"Yes, of course; but I am very clumsy. The only thing I do understand is rearing cattle. I was born to be a farmer; but fatality made me a painter. I am out of my true vocation."

Hereupon M. Adrien rallied the lady, agreeing with her that painting was not her *forte*, and that he would look for a place for her as ploughboy. Then they laughed heartily: item for Peeping Adrien's note-book.

The thousand and one pretty and curious things in Mdlle. Bonheur's house are not passed over. The gothic chairs, the brass chandeliers, the family portraits, are set forth. The easels are described as covered with studies of stags and horses, preparations for a great picture,—a commission from abroad. "O those foreigners!" the patriotic Peeping Adrien exclaims. Mdlle. Bonheur studies each individual of her great pictures apart, and then groups the whole. "In this way she draws £4,000 out of the coffers of wealthy Albion." Sometimes the lady is wilful, and will not sell at any price. A bit she holds to be superlatively good she keeps, and will not be tempted by gold. M. Adrien saw a sheep-fold, with the name of M. de Rothschild chalked in the corner. The artist explained that she had intended it for the millionaire; but that now she had made up her mind to keep it for herself. "Perhaps," Peeping Adrien maliciously adds, "I am the first to give this bad news to the Baron."

Mdlle. Bonheur's favorites are Troyon and Corot, and her rooms are full of these masters. At "dewy eve" Mdlle. Bonheur conducted her intruder graciously to her gates, telling him, by the way, that she painted, as a rule, eight hours daily.